THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIMEON DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1730.

Original Poetry.

TO MISS C. P. J., OF VIRGINIA.

Lines here breathed a hot admiration,
Which the heart no pulse can quicken broken,
Flow as friendship ever have.
Then well—many shower find them
Still the same as new they are,
Treasured thoughts of those behind them.
Dearer never may they bend.

Look fit up with hope they meet thee,
Like an omen far and stranger land—
Welcome omens of pleasure greet thee—
Eyes of love, and voices kind.

Hearts drink agony—sorrow,
Whose a magic charm must ever thee,
Sharpened bosom of light and sorrow
Mark the course of joyless things.

Soon, alas! the fairest rose
Withers of all their bloom,
And the's paperest of the fairest
Put a path way to the tomb.

Never sensitive protect thee,
Fault, nor sorrow, nor disease,
Thy unwavering, then direct thee
To thy resurrection-home.

Ever, with songs of joy and gladness,
Forever wait the purest, above,
And the parting words of sadness
For the depths of spirit-love.

Pictures of Life.

FISHER'S GHOST.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Parramatta, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally transported, but became free by servitude. Possessing bold and great steadiness of character, and acquired habits in connection with property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was married, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors, a man named Farley, gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in twelve months' time. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher, and, according to this document, Fisher had transferred to him all his property, during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his absence about his departure, therefore, excited no surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About a month after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Wair, who had a small farm near Fisher's, and who always drove his corn cart to market, was passing the house of Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which formed the fence, Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was at least twelve paces. Wair, nevertheless, knew that the figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old hat off, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Wair, who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of whisky, drove on the road, turned off his cart, and approached the rail. To his astonishment, it was bare.

"Well," exclaimed old Wair, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling as he passed it, he replaced the rail, put his old coat into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this circumstance from his old woman. All that he had seen he certainly related to her.

"Hold you' nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been drinking and disturbing of your neighbors' rest. Ain't Fisher agone to England? And if he hasn't gone back, do you think we should not a heard on it?"

"Ah, Betty," said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and he looked as white as fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost!"

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "you must ha drunk, surely, to get on about ghosts."

"I tell thee I am not drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "I know'n how bad ghey, Betty I'm sure on't. There's Fisher on the rail—but more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, I were in my own house when I saw him. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms folded, just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming to speak to him on the farm. Betty, I am 'till I was as close as I am to thee. After, on a sudden, he vanished like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben—don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will be thinking you're drunk. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to morning."

Old Ben went to bed, but he did not need morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, it had been positive than before. However, at the old woman's earnest and repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might annoy him to relate it.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated on the rail, the figure in exact appearance. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the right mind. Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he stayed the moment his name was called, and then in joined what was the latest news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "about a bailing, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel; but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" inquired Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a man to tell a lie, sir, nor a lee, sir, neither; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"Ay, Ben, I believe you to be wonderfully honest, nor do I think you a liar," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface to?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man: and he detailed the particulars which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty; but after Ben's Fisher's ghost through an entire glass or two of rum the first night; and that on the second night, when Fisher's ghost was to make its direct himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration, the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you in the course of to-morrow. We will get together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain.") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The name of Fisher, of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, at that time, was a familiar one; and only seven days but over the hardest rock: and after having the resources of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, he said that Johnny Crook, was to be seen for his old master. He spoke and stood were not long. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers who had been tracked over terrific mountains, or rocky country and fields, which they had traversed. Johnny believe I can find him

do ed to spider at record? — It may be something — It may be a procrastinator as a valuator — It may be nothing more than the effect of the atmosphere exciting feelings by default but the coolest man you know — Life let us cherish."

Miscellaneous.

WAGES!

The Hon. Amasa Walker, late Secretary of the Board of Massachusetts, has delivered a lecture before the Commercial and Mercantile Institute of Boston upon the subject of Wages. We take pleasure in extracting some portions of it into our columns:

DOLLAR AND REAL WAGES.

1. There is often a considerable difference between nominal and real wages, or between the amount of money received for services rendered, or labor performed, and the quantity of comfort or value realized in such commodities as his wants require.

Mal does not work for money, but for that which money will buy. It may be poor, but with high money wages it may be rich. Poor in intrinsic value — very poor, it may be true — but rich in the power to command the comforts of life, and to gratify the wants of the body, and to gratify the wants of the mind.

Agriculture is evidently the normal employment of man — that to which he was originally set by God, and from which he has not yet been relieved. Every other employment is artificial, and the extent to which it departs in its condition from the agricultural, and therefore the rate of wages should be taken as the standard of comparison in this principle. As things now are, all mechanics and operatives employed in close rooms are, as a general fact, very much underpaid. This whole class live only to the average of 46 years, 10 months and 24 days. The agricultural. They should receive greater wages and work less hours per day. They would thus be enabled to live longer, and get a fair compensation for their services.

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Wash a pint of green grass, full in the tops, twice; and grate it. To this add one quart of sweet milk, one fourth of a pound of fresh butter, four eggs, salt, pepper and sugar, each as much as may be deemed necessary; stir the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered dish. Some add to the other ingredients a quarter of a pound of fine sugar, and call the preparation a pudding. It is a delicate and healthful dish, and should be eaten as soon as made; but epicures of the most "exquisite taste" declare be it so, with the first two of the former.—New Yorker.

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Turpin, 45 by 200 report 12 000, or $1 per day, is $12,000

Blackwell, 20 by 200 report 7 000, or $1 634 per day, is $12,000

Smith, 20 by 200 report 6 000, or $1,502 per day, is $12,000

Such then should be the relative value of the leases of these several properties, regarded merely as investments, and without reference to the question of location. But, as a matter of fact, the leases of leasing trades, for which they should be valued, are not to be found in the market. Smith's rental, he thinks, is much more highly valued, and the shape of evidence

As an accidental question, this topic, of the relative value of leases is a matter of considerable which every one in choosing an occupation, in determining the rate of wages. That this is the case, in fact, is very evident. In the case of the butcher's trade, for example, a person would be loather to see him on particular business. Requiring a description of the caller, he answered, coolly "well, a little man, sir." "Oh, say no more," said the Colonel, "I know who it is, and will not see him."

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, or $2 50 if not paid within the year. Clubs of five (and over) three dollars each.

Copies, 5 cts. $5.00 For Annum.

Clubs.

5 — (and one to the getter up of the Club), $10.00

13 — (and one to the getter up of the Club), $25.00

Agents.

Agents are wanted — Any person having used the money and names for a Club, may add one name to it at the same rate, provided the whole list will allow that remittance to be made at the same time. Some of the best Clubs are made up in this way, and agents only supply the names as they have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and to have them paid promptly.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be given for the amount, which may be deducted from the amount of the Club. Money sent for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one Post Office at a time, and to one person.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Subscribers will also notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of the city, to call upon them. The POST will be published and forwarded punctually from this office. As things now are, all mechanics and operatives employed in close rooms are, as a general fact, very much underpaid. This whole class live only to the average of 46 years, 10 months and 24 days. The agricultural. They should receive greater wages and work less hours per day. They would thus be enabled to live longer, and get a fair compensation for their services.

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SUNBURY AND ERIE ROAD.

By the Report of the recent Commissioners on this—evidently fair and impartial report, dating home to the shareholders, Mr. Biddle's statement that the city has been misled is shielded. Its subscriptions, made on the faith of other subscriptions, were made on the faith of his own statements. And the "misled" shareholders, which every one of them is, are misled, mainly, upon their own statements.

"What we know
Must be the rules of the thing we know."

Physician in a red blood-and-thunder baby, is one of his great philosophical truths, coupled with a piece of excellent advice:

"Don't kidney and impossible as was.
Till you've consulted these two e vital fluid.
Here is another

"Is as the law
Of genius that it cannot spread its wings,
And soar triumphant to the welcoming clouds,
Unless the pinions are fledged with the beauty
Of a thousand colors."

And here is another

"There's no such thicker as your average liar."
Men know he can't invent: and what he says
Is taken for the truth, and nothing else.

Our limited space will not permit us to give any more specimens of this singularly grand, productive and original work. Of course, it is rare for poetry, and, more especially, every one who has read Alexander Smith's Poems—Life Drama—and Edwin Arnold's Tragedy—"It is an intellectual "feast of fat things"—and many more, too.

New Publications.

POEMS AND BALLADS, by URBANO MANNET, containing the Prize Poem "Centennial," Printed from the Third London Edition, with several New Poems, Original and Selected. Boston: For Sale Covered by the Author. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Philadelphia: Peterson's.

Many of the best of these poems have been published in various Reviews and Magazines in this place particularly, some of which are all alive with such vivid ground as fruit and, the Protestant theologian. Tell we should not fear the Douay in our schools. Neither does

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Dayton Gazette of Thursday week, gives an account of the marvellous escape of a little girl, living in the vicinity of that city, who a few days since fell into a well sixty feet deep in which the water was six feet deep. She fell without touching the walls, and passed through the body of water, her hair being filled with sand. On rising to the surface she clung to the wall, called for help, and succeeded in bringing her aunt to the rescue. The lady lowered the bucket to the child and told her to get into it; she would not, but reached as high up the rope as she could, and took hold of it. When drawn about half way up, she cried that she could not hold on any longer but was told that she must or be killed, and managed to retain her grasp until her aunt could reach her. An hour afterwards she was as lively as a cricket."

A deserted husband in Baltimore advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and offers a reward of fifty dollars to any man that is white, and has never been convicted of stealing, who will marry her and take her to California.

A new kind of wheat has been introduced into California from Sonora, which, it is said will, in its yield, surpass any other variety, being free from rust and smut, and maturing a month or six weeks earlier. This will, it is thought, be peculiarly adapted to the climate of California.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from Northborough Mass., says that a Mr. Vettis Street, of that place, has in his garden a cucumber four feet one inch in length, fifteen inches in circumference; also, two others, three feet eleven inches and three-quarters; and another, three feet eleven and a-half inches in length.

A Paris correspondent says: I had last week the pleasure of witnessing at one of the first boarding schools in Paris, an exhibition of private theatricals. The language spoken was French, and performers were, four-fifths of them, American girls.

A merchant of Portsmouth, N. H., bought in Boston, a few days since three chests that were supposed to be filled with a prime article of tea, but on being opened, they were found to contain worthless chaff, rice hulls, etc., rendered sufficiently heavy for practical purposes by the addition of a collection of unburnt brickbats, evidently of Chinese origin.

A New York paper says: "The Cayuga Lake has, notwithstanding the extraordinary drought, kept up its waters to their summer height." In fact the Lake resembles the possessor of a patent spiral mattress—It's bed is full of springs.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Castein manufacturing chemist at Puteaux, presented a sealed paper containing a description of the discovery which he had made of the artificial production of quinine. Should the pathological qualities of his compound be satisfactory, this discovery will be an important one.

The bearing of the sun southwardly is very apparent, and we are fast approaching the winter solstice. The days are now fully two hours shorter than the 22nd of June.

Clinton W. Powell, late a clerk in the Cincinnati Post Office, and the son of a respectable citizen, has been arrested on the charge of pilfering from the mails. The Gazette says he has confessed to abstracting at different times, about $400 from the mails, and also letters with enclosures addressed to T. W. Lord, in whose employ he was when arrested.

Samuel M. Young, of Ohio, has been prosecuted in the sum of $50,000, before the Toledo Court, and for $10,000 in Vermont, for slander, in charging a father with wilfully poisoning his own child. He has confessed he had no reason for doing so.

Mr. Ansel Martin, of Norwich, Conn., has about 500 gallons of wine made from the native grape. He carries on the manufacture quite extensively, has presses and other apparatus, being all of his own invention. He says there is no more need of importing wine than there is of importing cider, and that there might be an abundance of a splendid home article, if the farmers would only give some attention to the subject.

Amongst the curiosities to be transmitted from India to the Great Exhibition in Paris next year, is a carpet of ivory. It is twenty feet long by six broad, and made of the long strips of ivory plaited like matting. The price fixed upon is £200.

Dr. George Buchanan, of Hillsdale, Ohio, killed himself the other day by an overdose of morphine, while suffering from an attack of cholera morbus. It would seem that he was a little inclined to give large doses of that medicine, as he had a short time before been arrested for mal-practice in causing the death of a child by it.

The St. Louis papers complain of the great African exodus from that city by the "Underground" Railroad to Chicago, which has taken place within a few weeks. The names of the prominent citizens of Chicago connected with two underground arrangements, having their agents at St. Louis, have been ascertained; a number of steamboats are charged with conniving at the escape of negroes, and some of the citizens of St. Louis are said to have furnished them with means of conveyance.

A mile or so from town, a gentleman met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" "It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

On Sunday morning, the skeleton of a man was found at the bottom of the chimney stack of the wire rolling mill of Cooper & Hewitt at Trenton, N. J. The watchman of the mill, Joseph Wilkes, disappeared two weeks ago, and these are believed to be his remains. From an examination of the premises it became evident that he had accidently fallen through an uncovered opening into the stack, where he had perished with the heat, and the flesh being speedily scorched off his bones, was carried off by the strong draught passing through the place.

On the 9th inst., a riot occurred at Washington, Rappahannock county, Va., between some citizens and those attached to Barnum's Menagerie, growing at first out of the fact that a slave boy, as is alleged, was found with them, having been persuaded to leave his owner; and, secondly in reference to the charge for admission. The riot became so serious that the militia had to be ordered out to restore peace.—Several persons were injured, among them B. Keeham, a magistrate. Thirty seven of the showmen were arrested, and others flew to the mountains; subsequently, four or five of them were committed for trial, and the rest discharged.

A number of persons in Martinsburg, Va., who partook freely of a lot of over-ripe watermelons, which had just been imported, were seized with cholera symptoms on Friday week, and in a few hours some ten or twelve deaths occurred.

When the census of 1840 was taken, the number of daily newspapers published in the United States, was 138; of weekly, 1,141; of semi and tri-weekly, 125; and 3? monthly, quarterly, and other periodicals, 227; making a total of 1,631. By the census of 1850, we learn that there were in that year a decade subsequent to the above, 254 daily publications, 1,902 weekly, 146 semi and tri-weekly, and 214 periodicals—making a total of 2,516. This shows an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of publications in ten years. It will be observed that the number of periodicals has diminished.

Squier's book on Nicaragua has been translated into German, with notes and an introduction, by Carl Ritter, one of the most eminent of modern geographers. It is an honor to our countryman to have his work translated by such a man.

A case was recently tried before one of the Boston Courts in which the right of a hotel keeper to eject a person from his premises was tested. Mr. A. C. Bodgett had, formerly, boarded at the Eliot Hotel, but having some difficulty with his landlord, changed his quarters, and was ordered never to enter the house again. A few days since, however, he went there for the purpose of examining the register, to see if an acquaintance had arrived, when the landlord attempted forcibly to put him out, and inflicted upon him several blows. The counsel for the defence argued that the complainant, having been previously warned not to enter the house, had no right to remain, and his being there was a trespass, and consequently the defendant was justified in his doings. The Court held that the premises being a public house, everybody had the right to enter, provided no offence was committed; therefore, the ejection of the complainant was unlawful, and the defendant was fined $5 and costs.

Mrs. Sarah Elliott, of Salem, N. J., has gathered one hundred good ripe lemons from a single tree, the present season, and from another tree, she plucked a single lemon which measured thirteen inches in circumference, and weighed plump a pound.

In the course of a revival at the Christian Church, during the past week, in this town, says a Hannibal (Mo.) paper, a young lady, a member of the Catholic Church, was converted to Protestantism, and baptised by immersion. While the rite was being performed, an Irishman, who was close by, undertook to interrupt the proceedings, by making use of offensive language, when he was arrested and lodged in the calaboose. A few days after, a report was circulated that attempts were being made to compel the young lady to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, which produced a great excitement throughout the city. The report was contradicted by the girl herself, but some individuals, believing that she had been carried off to the priest's house by force, went to the premises and ransacked his residence without law or authority, during the absence of the owner. They then proceeded to the house of a gentleman of the Catholic persuasion, and finding the priest there, they asked, with many threats, where the young lady was hidden. Whether they have received answer or not, we have not learned. It is believed, however, that her mysterious disappearance was caused by her going to Quincy to see a relative.

The recent duel between Short and Peacock, near Cincinnati, which resulted fatally to the former, grew out of the faithlessness of Short's betrothed, who, in his absence, flirted with the gay Peacock, and sent back to Short her "engagement ring," in token of the end of all tender feelings for him. He was enraged by her fickleness, fought, was wounded, and will die.

The proprietors of four of the Cincinnati dailies, namely, the Enquirer, Times, Commercial, and Columbian, have changed the price of their respective papers, from ten to twelve cents per week. Reasons assigned, the increased expense of labor, material and the necessaries of life.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.—The following table, which we find in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, is from the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Manor, at Albany, where large amounts of rent are payable in wheat, or a cash equivalent, on the first of January, each year; and as two parties are deeply interested in the price, it is probably the most reliably correct of any record that can be obtained. There is quite a lesson in these figures—look at them.

Price of wheat per bushel, January 1st, at Albany, sixty-one years, viz:

1793	$0 75	1824	$1 00
1794	1 00	1825	1 00
1795	1 37½	1826	87½
1796	2 00	1827	1 00
1797	1 50	1828	1 00
1798	1 25	1829	1 75
1799	1 18¾	1830	1 00
1800	1 56¼	1831	1 25
1801	1 87½	1832	1 25
1802	1 50	1833	1 00
1803	1 12½	1834	1 00
1804	1 25	1835	1 00
1805	2 00	1836	2 50
1806	1 43¾	1837	2 25
1807	1 37½	1838	1 62½
1808	1 12½	1839	1 75
1809	1 00	1840	1 12½
1810	1 56¼	1841	1 00
1811	1 75	1842	1 25
1812	1 87½	1843	1 87½
1813	2 25	1844	2 00
1814	1 87½	1845	93¾
1815	1 62½	1846	1 18¾
1816	1 75	1847	1 12½
1817	2 25	1848	1 81¼
1818	1 87½	1849	1 18¾
1819	1 75	1850	1 18¾
1820	1 00	1851	1 12½
1821	77	1852	1 00
1822	1 12½	1853	1 18¾
1823	1 25	1854	1 75

You will notice that only five times in all those years wheat has been $2 or upwards per bushel, while it was seventeen times at $1 or under—twice at 75 cents. Only once in thirty-seven years, that is since 1817, to wit, in 1837, has it reached $2. The average price for the whole period is $1,38. For the last thirty years it is $1 25, and we give it as a prophecy, which, we think, may be relied upon, that that will be the price next January. Those who are interested may as well take a note of that. The crop of wheat is too good, too wide extended, and the demand for export to Europe or California too limited, and flour speculators too hard up to maintain present prices. You may as well mark that, Messrs. *Farmers* and Wheat buyers.—*N. Y. Tribune, July 22.*

It will be seen that the above was written about a month ago. Since then, the continued drought has very seriously affected the Indian corn crop throughout a large portion of the country, and in many instances in extensive sections entirely ruined it. This cannot fail to affect in a considerable degree the price of wheat, and we are inclined to believe that it will range much higher than it is estimated above—probably quite as high as in January, 1854.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW AN INDIAN CAN DIE.—A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger that saluted their ears was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and while the assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could get the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request, they seated him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song.

As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and livelier strain, and when several had gathered around him flourishing their scalping knives and screeching forth their demoniacal yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore the scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pinned him fast, without having touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturbable stoic, continued to chaunt his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which, after a few unheeded flourishes, he buried in the captive's scull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had, indeed, succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.—*St. Paul (Min.) Democrat.*

THORN, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, AT SARATOGA.—A correspondent of the Mobile Tribune, dating from Saratoga, gives the following sketch:

Thorn, to whom I refer, has made a lion of himself by indulging in extravagances and eccentricities. He is the man who so eclipsed the Emperor of France in the splendor of his "turn out." He is said to have driven four span of horses, richly caparisoned, to the most splendid carriage in Europe. The Emperor, unwilling that any one should go in better style than himself, ordered him to appear no more in the streets of Paris with the aforesaid establishment.

His party consists of his wife, two daughters, beaux, attendants, pages, maids, grooms, &c. I witnessed a few days since, the ceremony of their preparation to ride. Five steeds and a carriage, with a groom and drivers, in finest livery to each, were first presented opposite the U. S. Hotel. Next came the party with their maids and attendants. A beautiful mahogany bay horse, was first led up, whereupon grooms and servants took their position to perform the feat of mounting the fair miss to her saddle. She placed her foot in the white gloved hand of the groom on the left side, who gracefully placed her in the saddle, while on the right stood another ready to catch the jewel, if perchance, it should drop that way. Then came the maids to adjust the riding dress and place her foot in the stirrup. This and similar ceremonies with her sister being accomplished, the beaux and attendants mounted, the old folks ascended their carriage, and off they put as if to a funeral. This ceremony must have taken a half hour—long enough, I heard an Alabama girl remark, for a southern party to have mounted and taken a respectable ride. I forgot to note that after the adjustment of the young ladies' dresses, reins, &c., the horses were sugared (fed) from the hands of the grooms, which, I suppose, was to sweeten their gaits and spirit for the evening's performance.

THE PERILS OF GOLD MINING.—A correspondent of the Williamsburg Times, writing from Australia, narrates the following incidents illustrative of the dangers which beset the Australian miner:

"Perhaps no death is more terrible than that which awaits the digger. The heavy yellow dust, with its tempting look, keeps the miner burrowing in the earth, with thousands of tons suspended over his head, and by a tenure less reliable than that which held the sword of Damocles. An acquaintance of mine—Nutter, from the State of Maine—persisted in taking out a rich pillar from a very dangerous hole, and succeeded; but he was not fairly on the ground again, when fifteen or twenty square yards sank down with a dead, heavy crash.—Little stones accidentally falling, and hard lumps of dirt, have killed those in holes, and great care is necessary to guard against those evils.

"In another instance, a man driving sixty feet under ground, loosened a large stone, and found water trickle through where it had been, but, not dreaming of danger from water, he stuck his pick in, when the water burst through with great force. He had the presence of mind to drop his pick and turn round.—The water drove him violently into the main hole, and, being a swimmer, he kept upright in the hole until he was drawn up, when, carelessly getting out, he slipped and fell, losing his life by the fall.

"But, notwithstanding the many accidents that occur, perhaps they are not greater for the persons employed, than in any other business or traffic in life. There are numbers at the mines who would not go to the bottom of some of the holes for all the gold in Australia; but the great majority would gladly place their lives against a fortune—myself for one."

EXTRAORDINARY GHOST STORY.—Within the past year the people of a village in a western State became greatly excited by the alleged nightly appearance of a ghost in the village grave-yard. The growing dread at length became insufferable, and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village, a youth, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies. This youth found an associate; and the two, after nightfall, secreted themselves among the tombs, to observe. As the hour of 12 drew nigh, the ghost was seen approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white-robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, this entered the grave-yard within actual reach of the youth who had set on foot the investigation, and, as the light fell fully upon the face of the ghost, he recognized the well known features of an acquaintance, who was then in her early widowhood. Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadful had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been dethroned by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not her observers but seated herself, as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved but too fondly. The two then approached the unfortunate, and addressed her in kindness. She knew them not, but conversed freely with them, calling them angels, and craving their protection. She was in her night clothes, and her wandering thus, through the agony she had suffered, and her nightly occupying this sad seat, had converted that poor mental wreck of humanity into a ghost. She is now in a lunatic asylum.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

THE MYSTERIOUS EXPEDITION.—The steamer Benjamin Franklin, which was prepared to go out with General Paez, against Venezuela, has been embargoed by the authorities of the United States, by the request of the Hon. E. Acurua, Minister of Venezuela. We learn that the same will be done with the clipper barque Augusta, on her arrival at St. Thomas. This vessel had on board a large quantity of arms when she left this port. Senor Acurua has sent out despatches to the Venezuelan Consul residing at St. Thomas, to have her seized when she reaches that port. It was reported, it will be recollected, that these vessels were bound to Mexico and St. Domingo, and not to Venezuela.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A South Carolina paper regrets that Gov. Burt, of Nebraska, has taken but one slave with him, as it thinks that he would be perfectly safe in taking his entire plantation with him.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Washington Union—the organ of the Administration—says, speaking of a recent article by Dr. Cartright, of New Orleans, relative to a reopening of the slave trade:

"We have now to call the attention of the reader to a very remarkable communication, taken from the New Orleans Delta, on the subject of the *revival of the African slave trade*—an alternative which, however strongly and vehemently rejected by the patriotic statesmen of the South, now begins to acquire significance from the savage violence and inhuman threats of the fanatics of the free States."

The article of Mr. Cartright thus endorsed by the Union, advises a revival of the slave trade, in case of the dissolution of the Union. It says: "The South would be compelled in self-defence, to revive the African slave trade on a grander and more extensive scale than the world has ever witnessed. Gen. Felix Huston, in some able papers, has proved beyond a doubt, that negro slaves in war (the more the better) are *an element of invincible strength*, and not of weakness, as abolitionists vainly suppose. *All our wars prove it.* The history of the Revolution proves that Washington's army in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, at the most gloomy period of the war, when the Government had neither money nor credit, was kept together and supported with provisions, made while the war was going on, by Virginia negroes; and that Burgoyne's captured army was sent from the North into the heart of the slaveholding region for safe keeping. Our present slaveholders are not numerous enough to contend against the combined armies of the non slaveholding States and Great Britain. The South could, and would if driven to the wall raise an army, if needs be, of any number of men, in addition to her own citizen soldiery."

POSITION OF THE WHIG PARTY.—It is supposed that the Free Soil portion of the Whigs will utterly oppose the going into a National Convention with the Southern portion of the party. Their policy is to throw the Southern vote out of consideration in all future contests, and erect a platform composed entirely of Northern plank. They argue that any other policy will wreck the Whig party at the North, without gaining anything of consequence at the South.

The conservative Whigs however, headed probably by Mr. Fillmore, will urge the holding of the National Convention as usual, in order to unite their strength with that of the Southern Delegates, and thus control the party. In case of the holding of a National Convention, the platform adopted will necessarily suit the Progressive Whigs, and drive off the South, or suit the South and the Conservative Whigs, and drive off the Progressive ones. It seems, therefore, at present, that a lasting disruption between the Northern and Southern branches of the Whig party is inevitable—neither branch being able to stand on the platform of the other, and the masses of both being in too much earnest to unite simply for the sake of the spoils. The facts however, will determine the soundness of these views.

As to the Whig party South, it seems very evident that it will not unite with the Democratic party South, in the present position of affairs—but hold itself aloof, and watch the progress of events.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—We subjoin a list of the Thirty Fourth Congress, so far as elected, embracing two slave and three free States. Whigs in *italics*. Those elected as Anti-Nebraska men, by a union of parties, marked (A. N.) Those marked with a star are members of the present Congress:

ARKANSAS.

1.—A. B. Greenwood.*
2.—Albert Rust.

IOWA.

1.—*Augustus Thorington*, (A. N.)
2.—*Rufus L. B. Clark*, (A. N., probably.)

MAINE.

1.—*John M. Wood*, (A. N.)
2.—*John J. Perry*, (A. N.)
3.—Eben Knowlton, (A. N.)
4.—*Samuel P. Benson*, (A. N.)
5.—*I. Washburn*,* (A. N.)
6.—James A. Milliken, (A. N.)

MISSOURI.

1.—*Luther M. Kennett.*
2.—*Gilchrist Porter.*
3.—*James J. Lindley.**
4.—*John G. Miller.**
5.—*Mordecai Oliver.**
6.—John S. Phelps.*
7.—*Samuel Caruthers.**

VERMONT.

1.—*James Meacham*,* (A. N.)
2.—*Justin S. Morrill*, (A. N.)
3.—*Alvah Sabin*,* (A. N.)

Whigs, 15; Democrats, 5. The present representatives of these Districts gave 13 votes for the Nebraska Bill, and 7 against it. The new Representatives stand only 8 in favor to 12 against it.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

MAINE.—The election has resulted in the entire success of the fusionist party. This was a union in favor of the "Know Nothings," the Maine Law, and against the Nebraska Bill. This combination has swept the field, beating both the regular Whig and Democratic tickets. Morrill, Democrat, the candidate of this party, is elected Governor. They have a large majority in the House of Representatives, and have elected all the Congressmen.

NEW YORK.—At the Whig County Convention held at Buffalo, on the 12th, Solomon G. Haven was unanimously re-nominated as their candidate for Congress. Resolutions were adopted strongly condemning the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

ILLINOIS.—The Chicago Tribune states that Senator Douglas spoke at Morris, Grundy Co., on Tuesday, and was listened to quietly by the crowd present, who, after he had concluded, adopted resolutions condemning his course on the Nebraska question.

PENNSYLVANIA.—An Independent Whig City Convention has nominated Joseph R. Chandler for re-election to Congress in the Second Congressional District.

VIRGINIA.—Mr. Henry A. Wise—who, it is said, is to be the next Democratic Governor of Virginia—has written a long letter to a Rev. Mr. Adams of Boston, who wishes to "supersede the present bitter Abolition feeling and measures" at the North, and applied to Mr. Wise for aid in the attempt. Mr. Wise gives him small "aid and comfort." He proclaims himself against all emancipation, whether immediate or distant, by States or individuals—against all restrictions or limitation of Slavery—against all manner of "fanaticism" and "pseudo-philanthropy"—against the stupidity of the North in not permitting Slavery to establish itself in California, and so to run itself out in Virginia and Maryland—against the present interdiction of and efforts to suppress the African Slave-Trade—against the right of a discontented slave to run away into freedom—and against the absurdity and nonsense of supposing that each person is, as a practical matter, entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." He says:

"What are you writing to *me* about? *Slavery—African Slavery*—in the Southern States of this Union. A *property*—property by *the law of the States*—property protected by *the Constitution and laws of the United States*—*private* property, held by individual proprietors by the same authority of sovereignties, and of constitutions, and of statutes, as houses, and horses and ships and goods, wares and merchandise of trade are held. *Sacred as property*, because defended by the *moral* as well as *municipal* law, making it *mine*, and *not yours*. Mine, and not yours, it is in the forum of conscience, between me and God alone, and not yours in any sense between you and me in any conceivable relation between us. Mine, and not yours, in any sense of responsibility respecting any relation between me and the slave. What business have *you*, then, to interest *yourself* about it? Why take a thought about benefitting the race of my slave more than about benefitting the race of 'my ox or my ass,' or anything else that is *mine* and *not yours*? You shall not covet my 'man-servant' or 'maid-servant' more than my 'ox or my ass,' or 'anything else that is mine.' Oh! you mean no harm—you merely mean to ...

Selected Poetry.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

[illegible]

And taught me how to bear.

[illegible]

Made to look me and light me to heaven.
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time,
Since their love to my life was given
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly Wife
Still bringeth the heavens nigher;
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

ANECDOTES OF GIRARD.

[illegible]

MOCHA COFFEE.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

THE YANKEE IN TEXAS.

[illegible]

City Scenes.

PARLOR HEROES.

Jones.—How would I take Cronstadt? With vigor and decision, nothing more easy. My dear Brown, look here. This table is the Baltic, very well. Now look—(*Jones places certain strawberries for the forts; the City of Cronstadt on this occasion only, being represented by a plate of gooseberries at the back.*) Here we are. The strawberries the forts: Cronstadt the gooseberries. *Now* a little vigor and decision! This spoon is the Duke of Wellington, three-decker, leading the van. We go in here, firing both broadsides at once, to destroy the forts to larboard and starboard; while at the same time our guns in the bows and stern shorts smash the other forts before and behind. Very good. We are then in front of Cronstadt—the City of Cronstadt. We shell that, sir; shell it, of course! Blow up the powder magazines: capitulation ensues; the Russian fleet is in a blaze, and, my dear Brown, that is how *I* would take Cronstadt—

Brown.—After dinner.

Selected Articles.

TWO.

BY RALPH W. HARPER.

I am the foot-stalk, and she is the flower—
I am the lattice, and she is the vine—
My heart's a thirsty waste, *hers* is the shower,
Bringing refreshing and gladness to mine!

She is a sculptured dome—I, the harsh granite—
She is the virgin gold—I, the rough ore—
She is a perfect and beautiful planet,
I am the nebulous chaos of yore!

She is a living form—I am the marble
Which 'neath the chisel, may image her charms;
My music breathes of art—*hers* is the warble
Borne up to Heaven in the morning's blue calms!

Her mind, a polished gem, needs no attrition—
Mine is rough, shapeless—as won from the soil;
She, by a natural and easy transition
Grows to the grace that *I* reach but by toil.

Mine is a grace *acquired*—*hers* was born with her—
Mine is a studied charm—hers is her own—
She looks *down* on the world, I look *up* thither—
I stand with thousands, but *she* stands alone!

I am the canvas whereon may be painted
Shapes of strange beauty—conceptions sublime—
She, a rare picture—pure, beautiful, sainted,
Stretched by the Master, to live for all time.

She is a spring; I, the rock that stands by it—
She is the calm, bright sky—I am the sea,
Mirroring softly its starry quiet—
This is the difference in my love and me!

Portland Eclectic.

[illegible]

NATIONAL SINS.

It is one of the arrangements of Providence, by which it tests the reality of our virtue, and punishes the want of it, that we should be so insensible to joint or corporate responsibilities, and yet so intimately connected with the tremendous good or evil consequences of their infringement. We are apt to suppose that the offences of nations against the law of integrity [illegible]

For the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

[illegible]

ears for seed—and as smut in wheat is spread by being suffered to lodge on the seed, we have no doubt that smut in corn is communicated in the same way. We always wash seed wheat before sowing, to rid it of smut. Has any one tried the plan of washing seed corn for a like purpose?—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Olio.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly 'long the wood,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty field, o'er upland solitude,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew on each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

A CHARACTER.—There resides in Boston a gentleman who seems to possess a sort of mania for attending auctions. It is about eight years since this propensity was first noticed, and since that time he has been in attendance at one particular auction room every evening when it has been opened. Rain or shine, Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter, it matters not with him. He usually enters the room about half an hour after the sale commences, takes his position in a particular part of the room, and about a foot from the wall, and there stands, without leaning or moving from the spot, until the sale is over. He was never known to bid for a single [illegible]